

PLAYBOY

50 YEARS

THE CARTOONS

Introduction by Hugh M. Hefner



CHRONICLE BOOKS
SAN FRANCISCO



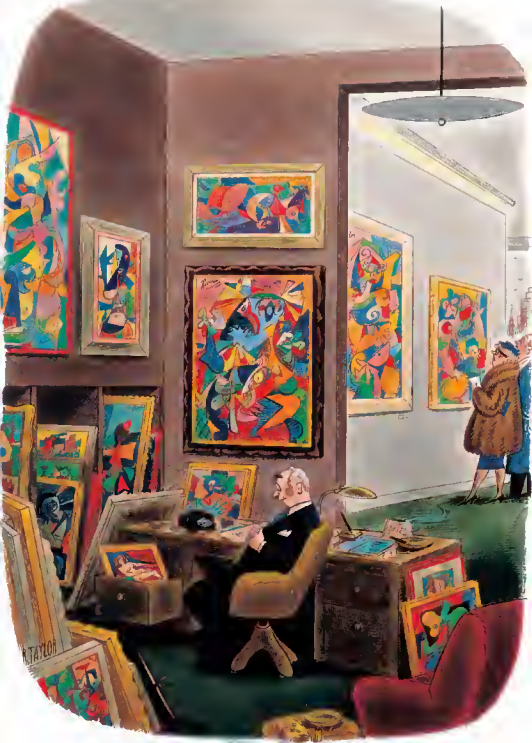


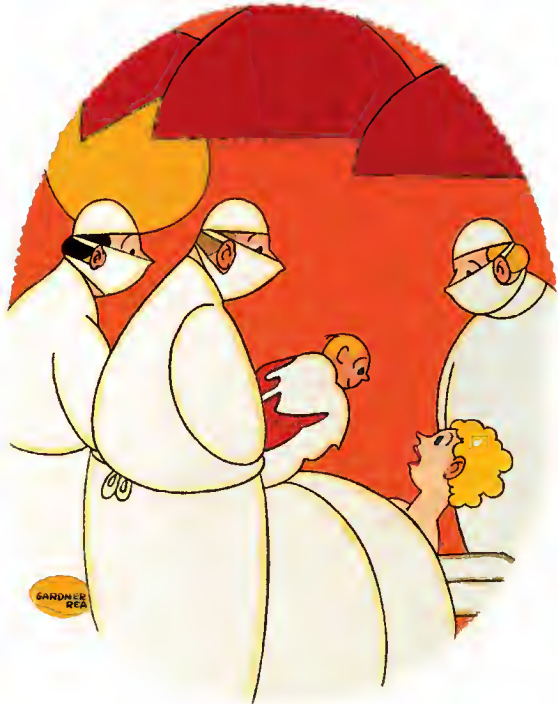


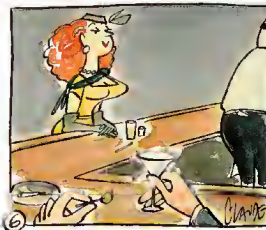


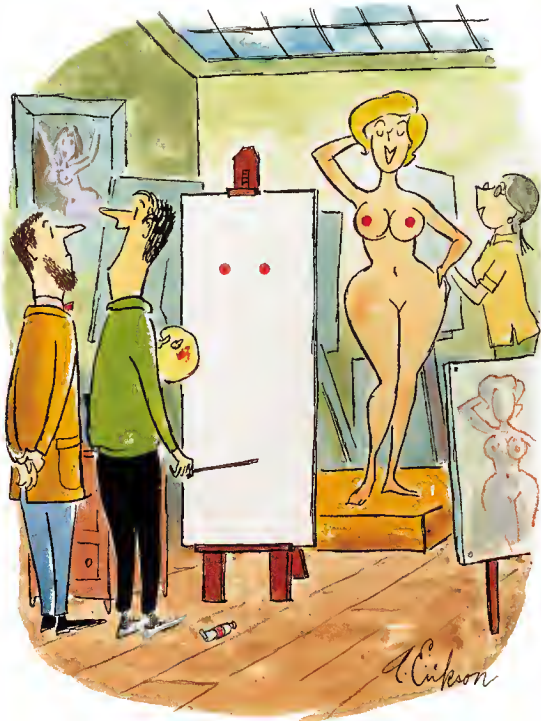
Gahan Wilson











The Seduction by JULES FEIFER

ALLRIGHT I WILL
IF YOU REALLY
WANT ME TO.

OH, I
DO YOU
KNOW
I DO



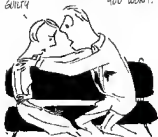
BUT YOU MUST
KNOW **ONE** THING
BEFORE WE DO IT.
YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND
ABOUT ME.

TELL ME
I'LL
UNDERSTAND



I'LL
FEEL
GUILTY

YOU WON'T!
I PROMISE
YOU WON'T.



IT DOESN'T MATTER
I FEEL GUILTY
EVERY TIME ITS
A CHARACTERISTIC.

I'M
SURE
WE
CAN
WORK
IT
OUT.



YOU UNDERSTAND IT
HAS **NOTHING**
WHATSOEVER TO
DO WITH YOU!

I'M
GLAD.



I MEAN I FEEL GUILTY
NO MATTER **WHO** IT IS
IT DOESN'T MATTER
IF ITS YOU OR
ANYBODY.

GRAND.



YOU **DO** UNDERSTAND
DON'T YOU? I
FEEL SO MUCH
BETTER
TALKING
IT OUT

SWELL



I'M
READY,
NOW.

FORGET
IT.

















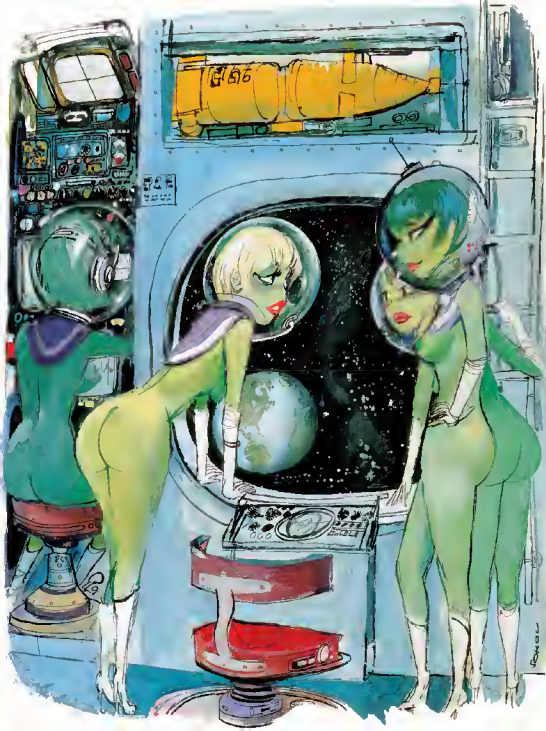
Dedim

*William
Campbell*















NO, GEORGIE -
I CAN'T ASK
YOU TO HELP.
IT'S MY
PROBLEM -

YOUR PROBLEM?
WHY YOU CRAZY,
SWEET LITTLE
KID!

THERE YOU WERE
SITTING IN YOUR
RAINCOAT AND
BLACK STOCKINGS
ON THE LIBRARY
STEPS AND YOU
SAY IT'S YOUR
PROBLEM -

I ASKED YOU TO HAVE
A DRINK - PROBABLY
THE FIRST DRINK
YOU EVER HAD - AND
YOU SAY IT'S YOUR
PROBLEM -



I TOOK YOU DINING
EVERY NIGHT FOR A
WEEK - THE BEST
PLACES! I KNEW
IT WOULD OVERWHELM
YOU - AND YOU SAY
IT'S YOUR PROBLEM

OH, I PLAYED IT SMART
ALL RIGHT - I BOUGHT
YOU CLOTHES -
JEWELRY - AND THEN
I PUT YOU UP IN
YOUR OWN APARTMENT.

AND WHEN I KNEW
YOU WERE DAZZLED -
DID I TELL YOU IT
WAS ALL IMPOSSIBLE?
DID I TELL YOU I
WAS MARRIED?



NO! I CAME UP LIKE A
THIEF IN THE NIGHT AND
USED MY DUPLICATE KEY!
HOW ROTTEN OF ME!
HOW LOW! AND YOU
SAY IT'S YOUR PROBLEM -

PLEASE
GEORGIE -
DON'T
BLAME
YOURSELF -

I'M
NOT
EVEN
SURE
IT'S
YOURS.



JOHN
JOYCE

SEA FOOD
RESTAURANT

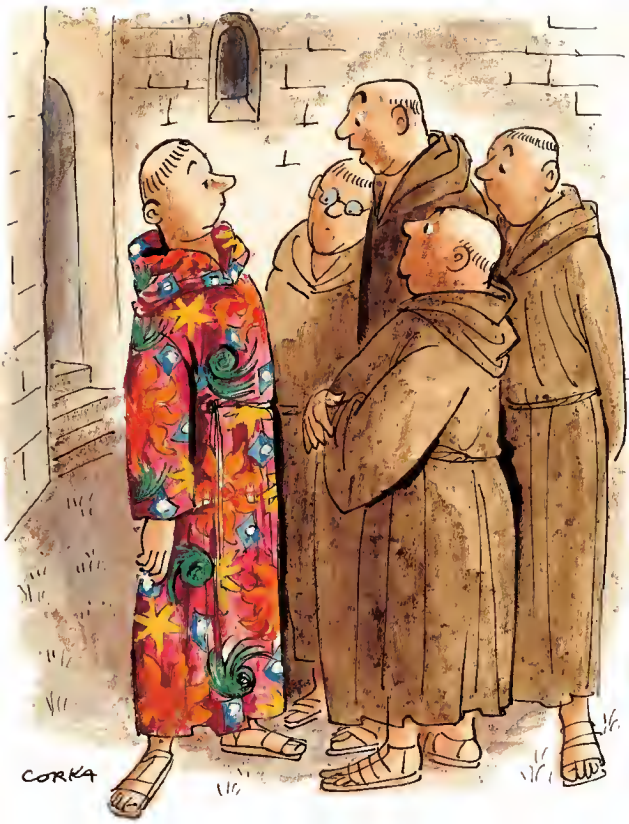
EATING
IN
BATHING
SUITS
NOT
PERMITTED



John Dempsey







CORRA





























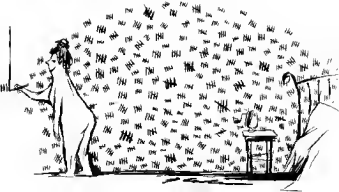






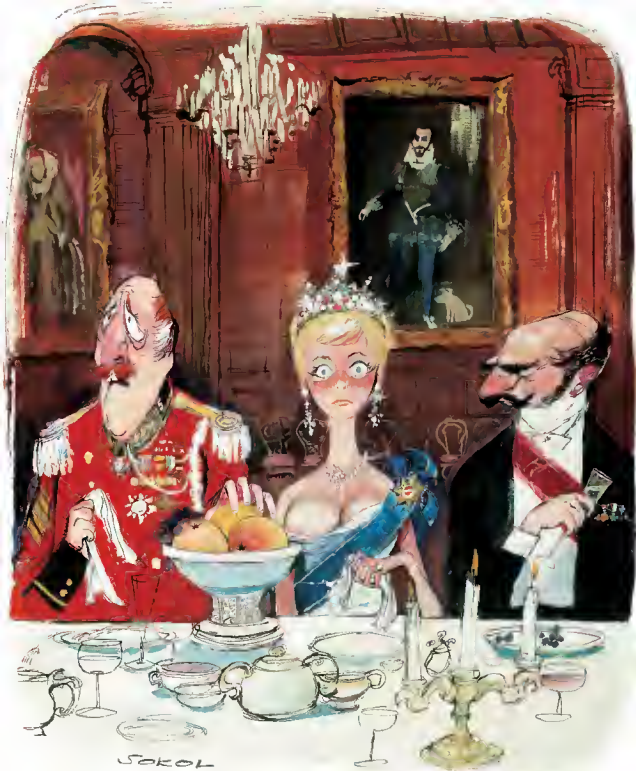






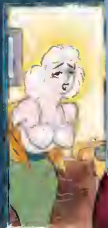












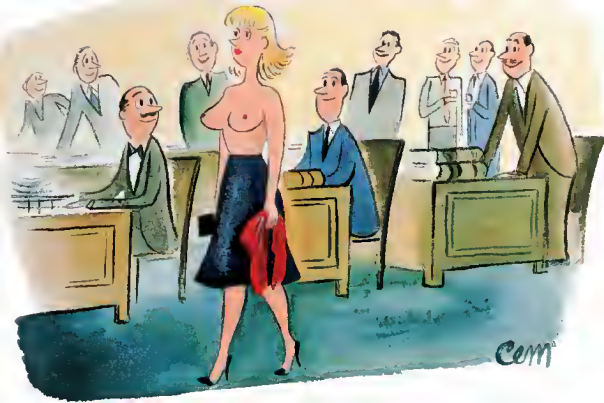












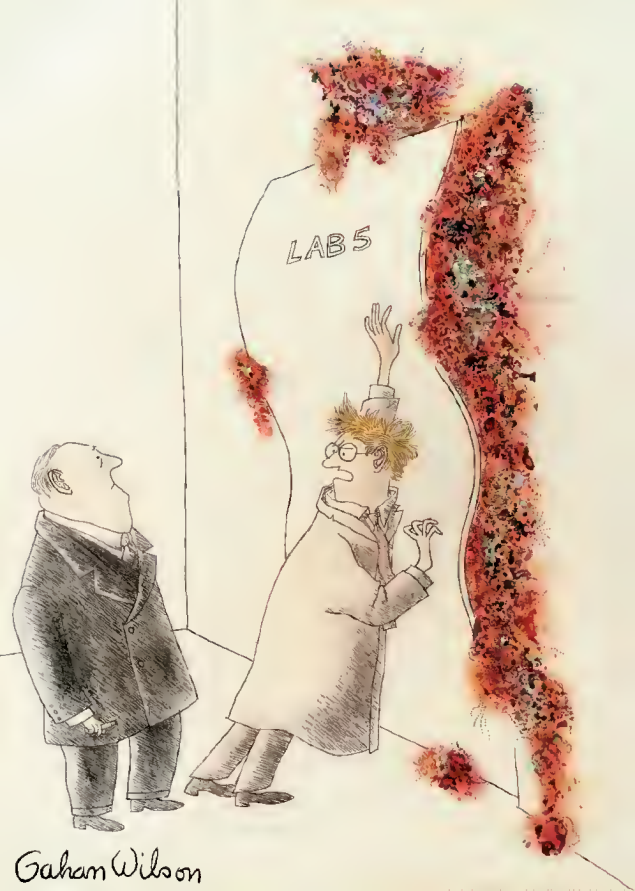












Gaham Wilson







John
Dempsey







Silverstein

HOME FURNISHINGS DEPT







KCNJ

PLXSF

MROWT

DGQYBKR

RSMVTZAS

TELECPMYRA

John
Thompson







Silverstein









MONSTER FROM THE SLIMEY SWAMP



Bill Murphy











Jack Cohen

the philosopher

TRY TO UNDERSTAND. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. IT'S NOT MY FAULT. IT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE.



UNDOUBTEDLY FROM **YOUR** POINT OF VIEW YOU'RE **RIGHT!** HOW CAN I ARGUE?



YOU SEE A FELLOW EVERY NIGHT FOR SIX MONTHS. IN **YOUR** MIND THIS MEANS A DEVELOPING RE-LATIONSHIP. IT'S ONLY LOGICAL.



SUDDENLY HE STARTS GOING HOME BEFORE MIDNIGHT. YOU BEGIN TO GET WORRIED. IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL.



SOON HE JUST COMES BY FOR DINNER. HE DOESN'T TAKE OFF HIS JACKET AND HE LEAVES RIGHT AFTER COFFEE. YOU'RE SLOWLY BECOMING OFFENDED. IT'S TO BE EXPECTED.



NEXT THING YOU KNOW HE'S STOPPED CALLING. DOES HE MAKE EXCUSES? **NO!** DOES HE TRY TO EXPLAIN? **NO!** YOU GET TO FEEL **USED**.



FROM **YOUR** POINT YOU'RE **ABSOLUTELY** RIGHT. FROM **YOUR** POINT I'M A **HEEL**. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER THERE ARE **TWO** SIDES.



NOW IS THE MOMENT FOR YOU TO **GROW**. YOU'VE GOT TO TRY TO UNDERSTAND MY SIDE.

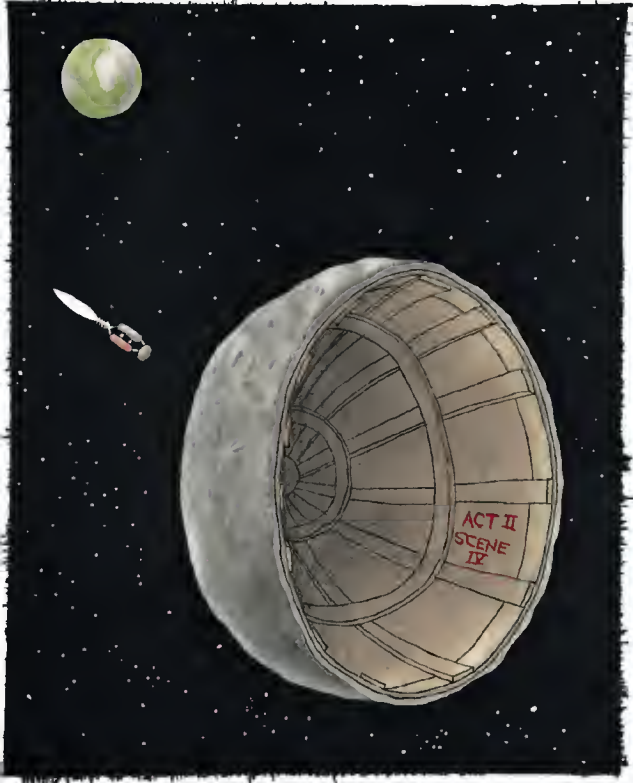


I FOUND SOMEONE I LIKE BETTER.



TUES
FEFFER





Graham Wilson















Don't
forget



Gahan Wilson



DO
IT
NOW



A. C. C. C.





Rowland T. Wilson



The Age of the Urban Chick

YOU KNOW WHAT WE ARE LIVING
IN, MAN? WE ARE LIVING
IN THE AGE OF THE
URBAN CHICK. YOU
CAN'T TELL THEM ANY-
THING. THEY'RE
HIP! THEY LEARNED
IT ALL AT SMITH
OR RADCLIFFE.



I'M LIKE A LITTLE
BOY, HUEY! WHAT
CAN I DO?

THE URBAN CHICK IS TRAINED FOR
DESTRUCTION. VERY EARLY
IN HER CAREER THEY TAKE
AWAY HER IDENTITY
AND GIVE HER A SUIT
OF ARMOR BY THE
TIME SHE'S OUT OF
SCHOOL SHE CAN
TAKE ANYBODY.



MY TROUBLE IS
I'M NOT BASIC-
ALLY COMPET-
ITIVE

SO IF ALL YOU GOT IS ARMOR
MAN, YOU GOT TO USE IT!
SO SHE USES IT! SHE
CUTS MEN UP AND
PUTS THEM DOWN.
YOU TAKE THE
URBAN CHICK
ON HER TERMS,
MAN, YOU'RE
DEAD!



HOW OFTEN CAN
I LOSE
WITHOUT FEELING
LIKE A LOSER?

THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY I KNOW TO
CRUMBLE HER.



HOW? FOR
GOD SAKES-
HOW?

TALK
DIRTY.

TALK
DIRTY?



TALK DIRTY?
YOU REALLY
MEAN TALK
DIRTY?

NOT SELF-CONSCIOUS DIRTY
LIKE IT'S A CURRENT IN-THING.
SHE DOES THAT HERSELF.
I MEAN ANIMAL DIRTY!
LIKE YOU GOT TO MAKE
HER DOUBT THE
RULES SHE LEARNED
IN SCHOOL! LIKE
YOU GOT TO MAKE
HER BELIEVE SHE'S
IN A JUNGLE AND
THE OLD RULES
DON'T WORK!



MAKE AN URBAN CHICK FEEL
DEFENSELESS AND SHE'LL
CONFUSE IT WITH LOVE.
WITH ALL THAT ARMOR
WHERE COULD SHE
GET THE EXPERIENCE
TO KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE?

THIS
WORKS?



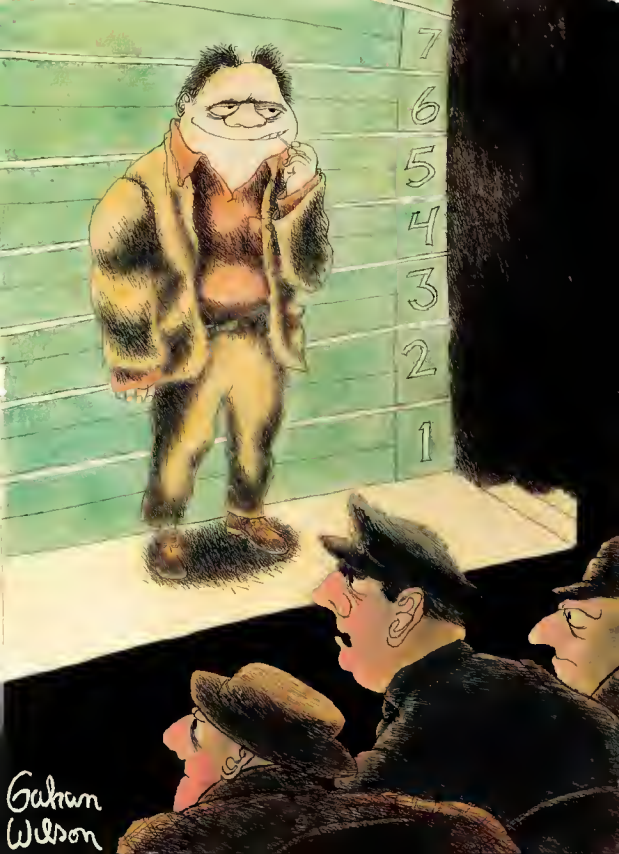
MAN- TALK DIRTY, READ HER
BEAT POETRY AND TAKE
HER TO A TENNESSEE
WILLIAMS PLAY -
IT HAS TO
WORK. TO
THE URBAN
CHICK
BRUTALITY IS
A STATUS
SYMBOL.



JOHN
TEPPER



A. Erickson









Dedini











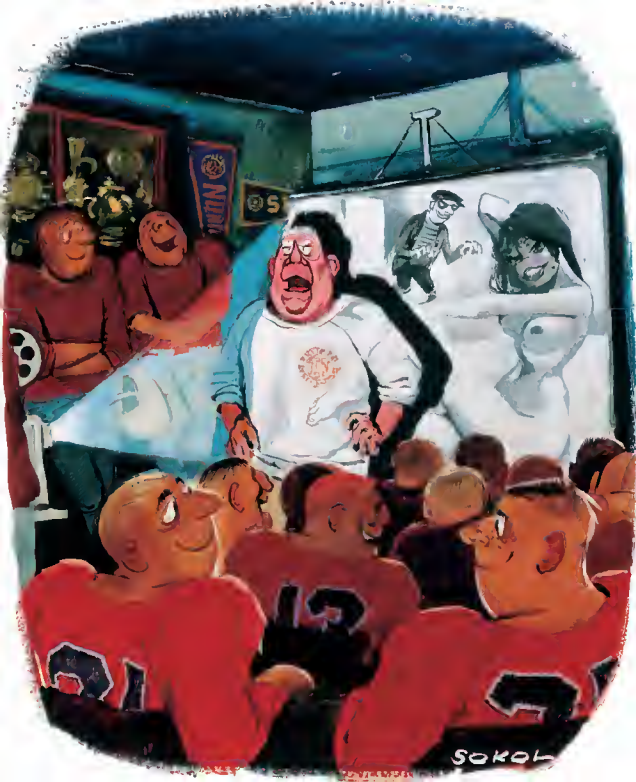








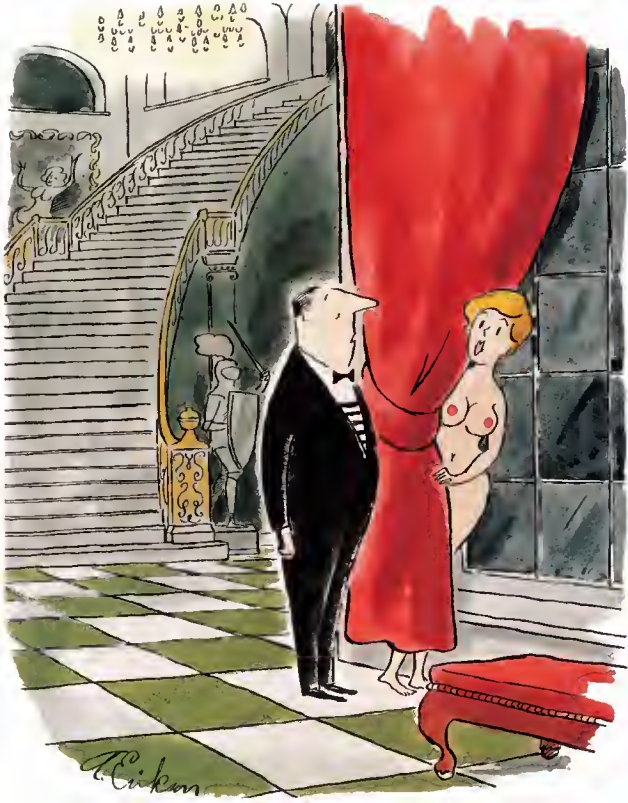
Gahan
Wilson













Up Simon
Campbell
M









Int'l and



THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY





Gahan Wilson



SACRED & PROFANE STORY-LISTENING or Virtue is its own Reward

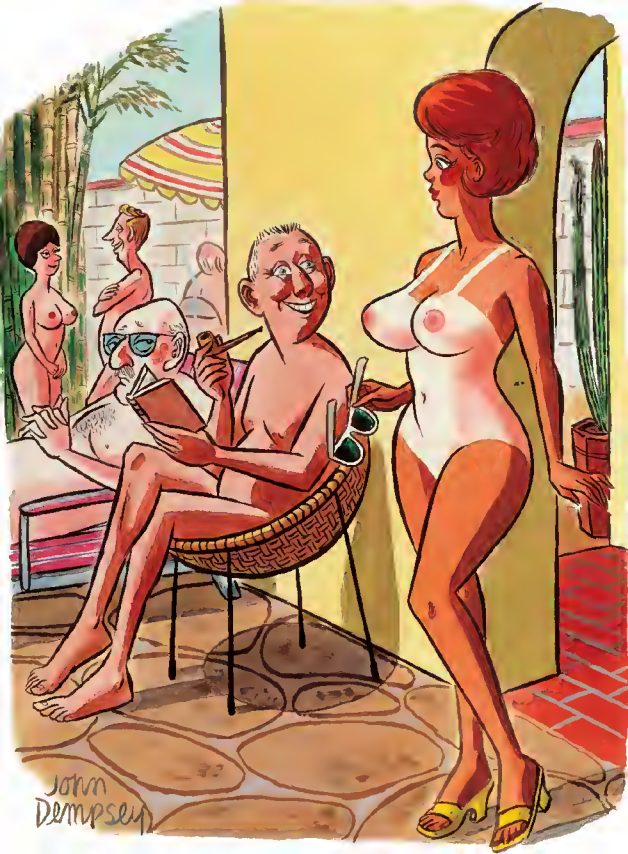
satire By ARNOLD ROTH















Gahan Wilson

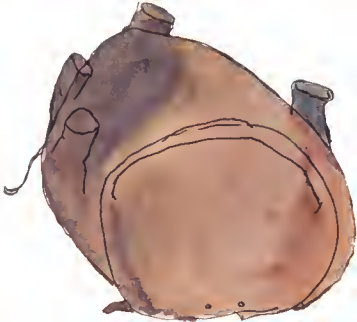








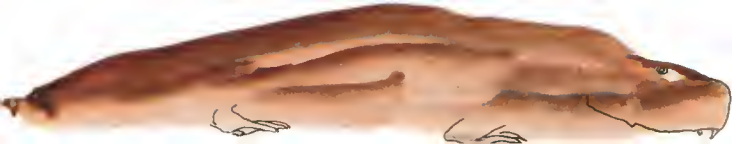




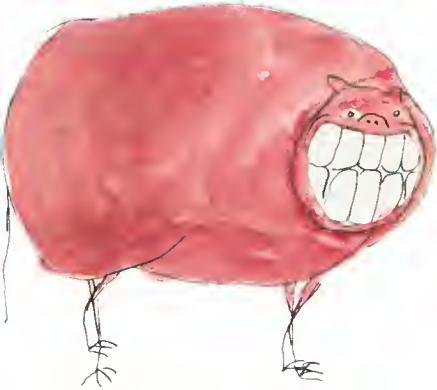




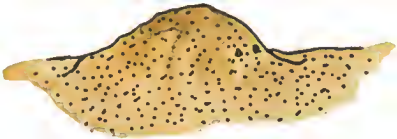














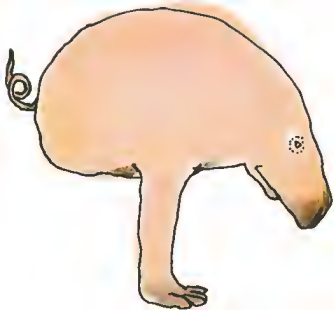








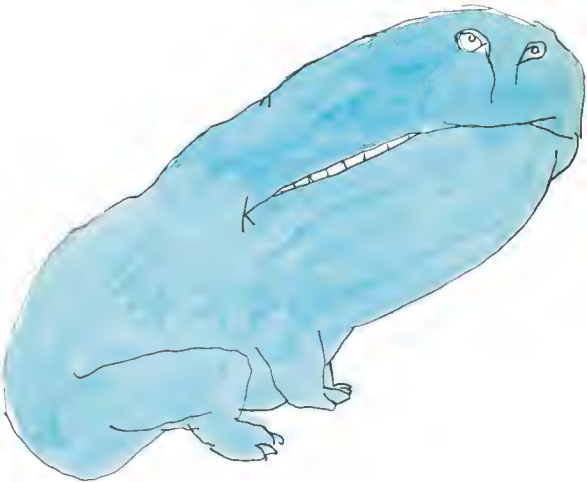




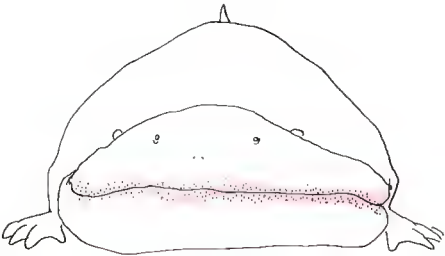


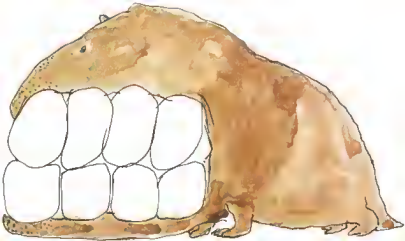






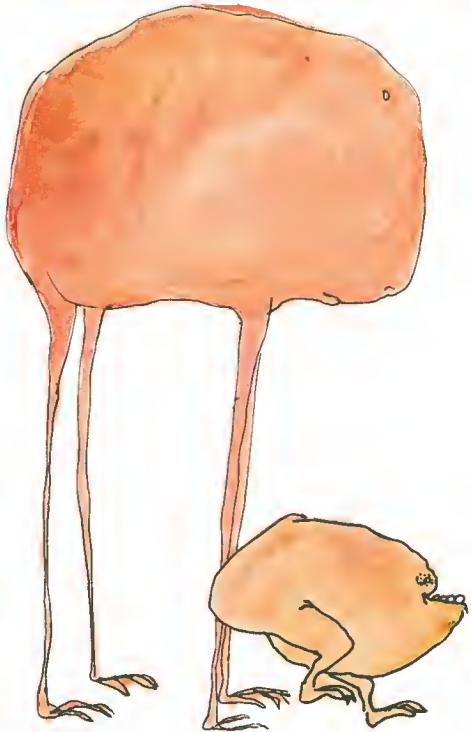








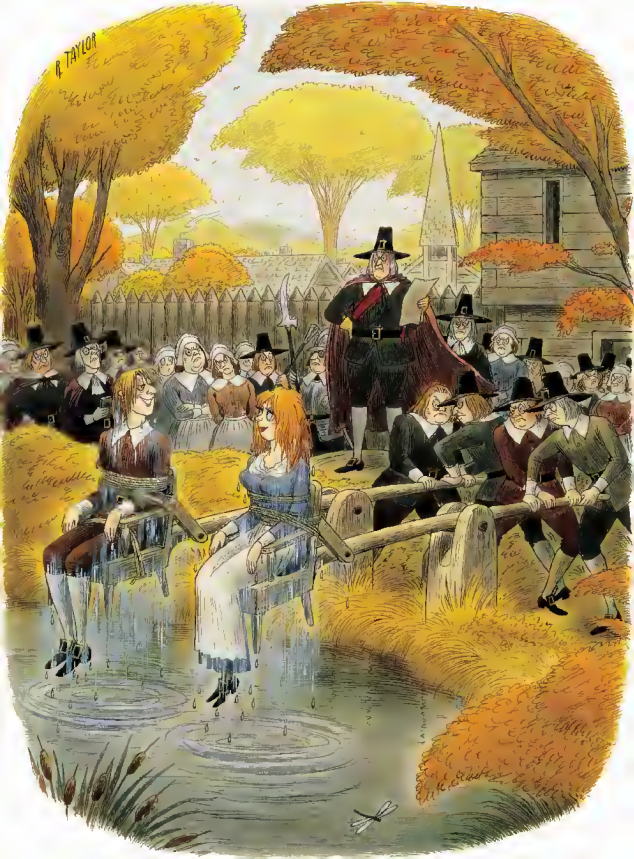






Graham
Wilson

R. TAYLOR





KIROV



Crispion





Rowland B. Wilson



50K06



WINTER OF '59

WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT HIPPIE COSTUME, FRANKLIN? NOWADAYS EVERYONE IS WEARING THE FIFTIES LOOK!

"YOU AINT NUTHIN'
BUT A
HOUND DOG..."

BRING BACK THE 50s

THE FIFTIES WERE
A DRAG FAT FREDDY!

WHADDAYA MEAN??
REMEMBER "CRUISIN'"??
FAKE I.D.s? CHOPPED
DEUCE COUPES? MOONIN?
SUBMARINE RACES?
THE FIFTIES WERE
GREAT!

REMEMBER THAT DYNAMITE NEW
YEARS EVE PARTY THAT PHINEAS
THREW BACK IN FIFTY-NINE?

(GULP! HERE THEY COME! I TOLD THEM NOT TO
IF MY PARENTS FIND OUT I'LL BE GROUNDED FOR LIFE!



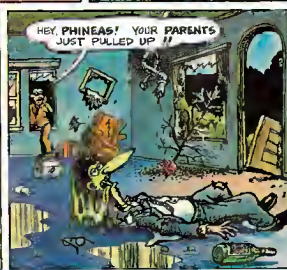
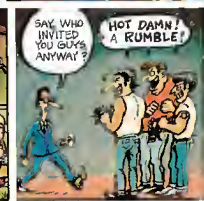
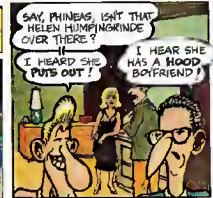


10/10/10
D. M. J. P. S. 10/10/10















Gahan
Wilson





Vergara







John
Dempsey

Did I?

W-WHAT
DID I
SAY
NEXT?

YOU SAID, "WHAT DO YOU MEAN I'VE
HAD TOO MANY?" NO STUPID BAR-
TENDER IS GOING TO TELL ME WHEN
I HAD TOO
MANY!"



I DIDN'T
REALLY
SAY
THAT,
DID I?

UH-HUH. AND THEN WALTER SAID, "LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THERE'S
TROUBLE." THAT'S WHEN YOU HIT
WALTER.



DID I
HURT
WALTER?

NO, BECAUSE THE COP CAME AND YOU
SAID TO THE COP, "TAKE YOUR HANDS
OFF ME, YOU JAPANESE!! YOU'RE NOT
IN GERMANY
ANYMORE!"



I DIDN'T
REALLY
SAY THAT,
DID I?

UH-HUH. AND THE COP SHOVED YOU
OUT ON THE STREET AND YOU
TOOK A SWING AT HIM.



YOU
DID
THAT?

UH-HUH.



I DIDN'T
REALLY
SAY
THAT,
DID I?

UH-HUH. AND THEN YOU SAID, "JUST
BECAUSE YOU WERE TOO STUPID TO
GET INTO COLLEGE AND HAVE TO TEND
BAR IS NO REA-
SON TO TAKE
IT OUT ON
YOUR CUS-
TOMERS,
KNOT-
HEAD!"



I DIDN'T
REALLY
HIT
WALTER,
DID I?
WHO'S
WALTER?

WALTER'S WHO YOU BOUGHT A DRINK
FOR IN THE FIRST BAR AND HAD HIM
COME WITH US TO THIS BAR WHEN
THE OTHER
BARS WOULDN'T
SERVE YOU
ANYMORE.



I DIDN'T
REALLY
SAY THAT,
DID I?

UH-HUH. AND WHEN THE COP GOT MAD,
YOU TOOK OUT YOUR WALLET AND SAID,
"O.K., SORRY. I'LL PLAY THE GAME. HOW
MUCH IS IT GOING
TO COST ME TO
STRAIGHTEN
THIS OUT?"



I HAD TO USE ALL THE REST OF YOUR
MONEY AND MINE TO BAIL YOU OUT.



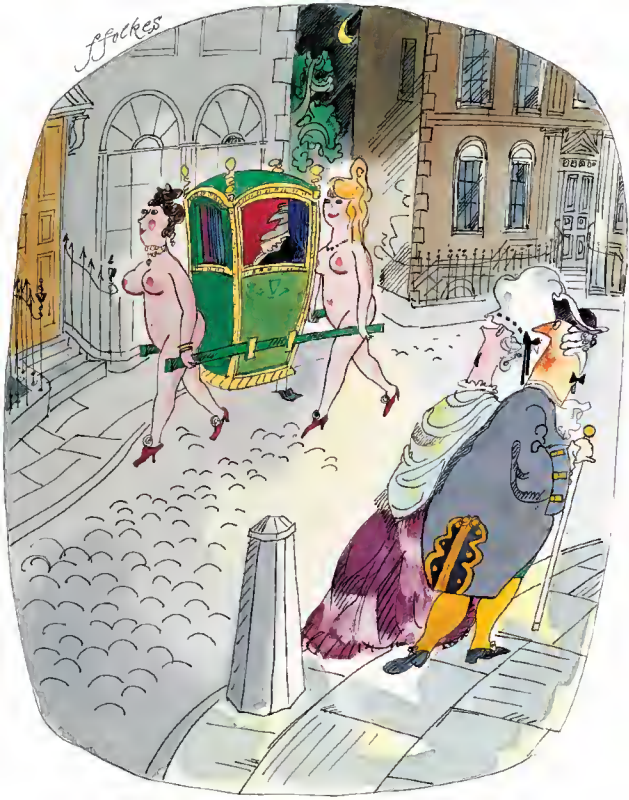
SAY,
WHO
ARE
YOU?







J. F. Jones





Raymond







Dink
Siegel



buck brown













smilby

The Pervert by JULES FEATHER

DON'T
JUST
LOVE-
ME.



HURT ME.



HUMILIATE ME.



BEAT ME.

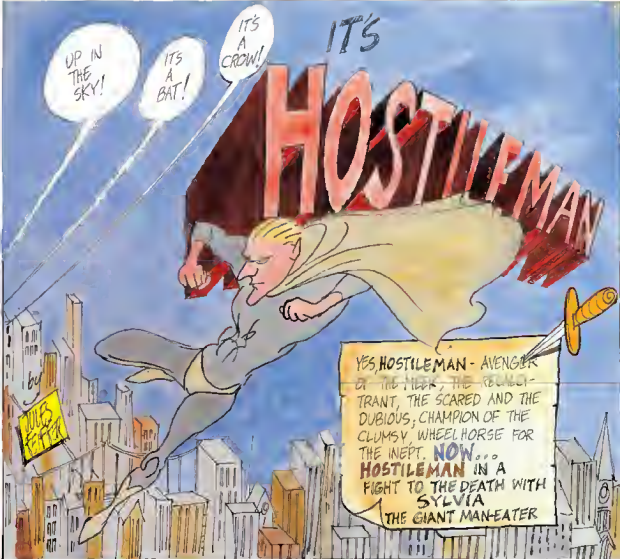


DEGRADE
ME.



YES DEAR.





AT A FASHIONABLE SWANK, UPPER-MIDTOWN COCKTAIL PARTY, WE ENCOUNTER HANGDOGS, MAN-ABOUT-TOWN **BERNARD MERGENDEILER**, AT THE MOMENT BEING REJECTED BY BEAUTEOUS **BETTY BOUNTY**, GIRL WINNER...





Dechini

AFTER BETTY COMBS HER HAIR, SHY-SEEMING BERNARD RETIRES TO THE BATHROOM...



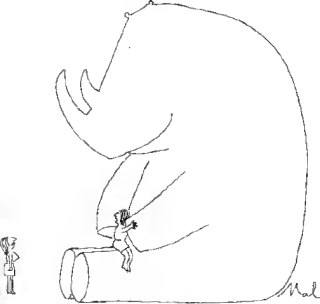
QUICKLY-OFF WITH MY TIGHT-FITTING STREET CLOTHES AND MY QUIET UNASSUMING PERSONALITY!

...WITH THE UTTERANCE OF THE MAGIC WORD, ABRUPTLY...















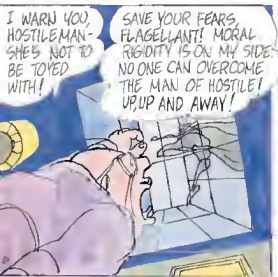
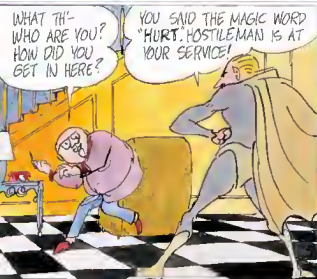
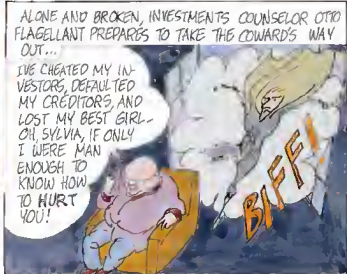


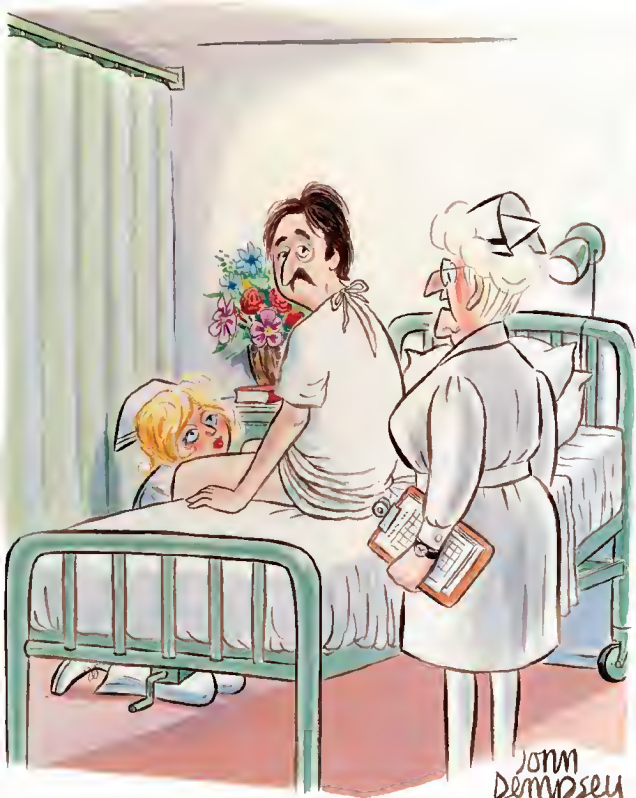


DUCK DUNN



Alondra





John
Dempsey

Gahan
Wilson







WORD JOB

WHEN IT WAS CALLED
"FUCKING"
I ENJOYED
IT.



WHEN IT
WAS
CALLED
"BALLING"
I
ENJOYED
IT.



WHEN IT
WAS
CALLED
"SCREWING"
I ENJOYED
IT.



WHEN IT WAS CALLED "GETTING LAID"
I ENJOYED IT.



BUT WHEN IT CAME
TO BE CALLED
"MAKING LOVE"
I STOPPED
ENJOYING IT.



WHO NEEDS THAT KIND
OF PRESSURE?



DAVID BATES



WIFE ON THE



Int. 10







DeCini





buck brown

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY









The Decision by JULES SEPPER

I'VE TRIED,
DORIS.



BUT MARRIAGE
IS NOT A
NATURAL
STATE
FOR A
MAN.



I FEEL
LIKE A
CAPTIVE
IN MY
OWN
HOME.



LIVING UNDER
CONSTANT
— PRESSURE,
CONSTANT
NEGOTIA-
TIONS,
CONSTANT
CONCES-
SIONS.

FEELING MY
IDENTITY
SOFTENED,
DEMEANED,
ERODED.



THAT'S NO
WAY FOR
A MAN
TO FEEL,
DORIS.

A MAN
HAS TO
FEEL —
FREE!



IM GOING
BACK TO
CHARLES.





Gahan
Wilson





ORPORATION

SECURITY

WRTV

MICAL
TION

Graham
Wilson



FOCK

Ronald Wilson



















Playboy FUNNIES

The Adventures of HERBERT HIPPO

The Comic Strip That Knows
How To IDENTIFY & Solve EXOTIC

BY MARK ALAN STAMATY

FOR SEVEN YEARS HERBERT HIPPO RECLINED IN HIS APARTMENT WATCHING THE CRACK IN HIS CEILING BECOME GRADUALLY LONGER UNTIL IT BEGAN TO EXTEND DOWN HIS WALL.

FROM TIME TO TIME HE INTERRUPTED HIS OBSERVATIONS TO WANDER AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH HIS LIFE.

ON ONE SUCH OUTING, A REASON FOR LIVING SUDDENLY APPEARED BEFORE HIM IN THE FORM OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN HE HAD EVER SEEN.

REALIZING HIS LIFE WOULD BE MEANINGLESS WITHOUT HER, HE ATTEMPTED TO MAKE HER ACQUAINTANCE.

GEE, I GUESS SHE'S NOT READY TO MAKE A COMMITMENT.

HI. MY NAME IS HERBERT. WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY CHECKERS? LET'S GET MARRIED.

FUCK OFF!

NEON VINCENT'S MESSAGE PARLOR

"I KNOW, BERNICE..."

WE ALL THOUGHT IT WAS CUTE WHEN YOU ROLLED UP A TWENTY AND TRIED TO "SHORT" TH' LINE DOWN TH' MIDDLE OF RODEO DRIVE!

AND I, FOR ONE, AM PROUD TO HAVE A GIRL IN MY STABLE WHO'S LISTED IN THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS FOR "THE MOST BARBITURATES CONSUMED DURING A TED NUGENT CONCERT!"

BUT THE SHIRINERS ARE IN TOWN AND IF YOU NOD OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A JALEPENO AND BEAT DIP RUBDOWN...

...WE COULD LOSE SOME CUSTOMERS!

I HAVE NO NEED FOR A CHEMICAL CRUTCH IN ORDER TO PLY MY TRADE!

THESE ARE VICIOUS RUMORS SPREAD BY JEALOUS PEERS!

I WORK MY FINGERS TO THE BONE AROUND HERE, AND I EXPECT NO DEMAND—YOUR RESPECT!

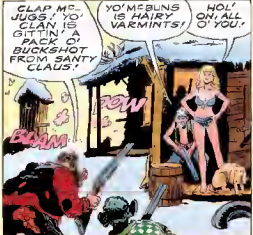
AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR SKINNY FRIEND IN THE FUNNY HAT, TOO!

SKIP WILLAMSON!

I
AM AN
INSANE EYE
DOCTOR AND I AM
GOING TO KILL YOU NOW
AS YOU SIT THERE READING THIS
WITNEY WITH A SLASH OF 5 WITH A SLASH OF 6 WITH A SLASH OF 7

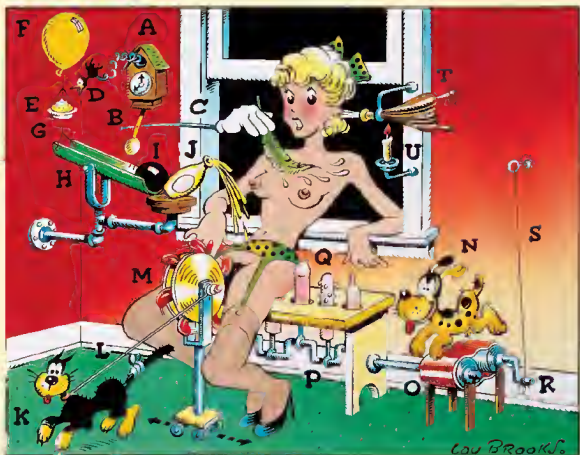


Graham Wilson





DR. LUSTFUL'S PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL SUCCESS



SATURDAY NIGHT AND ALL ALONE? OUR NUBILE NYMPHO SHOWS YOU HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME ALL BY YOURSELF:

AS CLOCK (A) STRIKES THE HOUR, PENDULUM (B) ACTIVATES HAND WITH FEATHER (C), THEREBY DISPENSING "KY JELLY" ACROSS BREASTS. LIVE CUCKOO (D) FEASTS UPON TRAY OF BIRDSEED (E), AND AS TRAY BECOMES LIGHTER, BALLOON (F) SLOWLY ASCENDS AND PULLS STRING (G), CAUSING TROUGH (H) TO TILT. CANNONBALL (I) ROLLS

DOWN TROUGH, UPSETTING BOTTLE OF HAND LOTION (J). STARTLED BY COMMOTION, CAT (K) TAKES OFF, PULLING ON WIRE (L), WHICH REVOLVES WHEEL OF RUBBER TONGUES (M). MUTT (N) PURSUES CAT, ROTATING CONVEYOR BELT (O), WHICH TURNS CAMSHAFT (P), CAUSING VARIETY OF DILDOS (Q) TO MOVE UP AND DOWN. MEANWHILE, CRANK (R) REVOLVES AND PULLS ON STRING (S), CAUSING BELLOWS (T) HEATED BY CANDLE (U) TO BLOW WARM AIR INTO YOUR EAR.

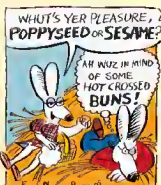


John
Dempsey



REG'LAR RABBIT

REG, HOW 'BOUT YOU AN' ME HAVIN' A ROLL IN THE HAY?



CRUISER

Christopher Browne





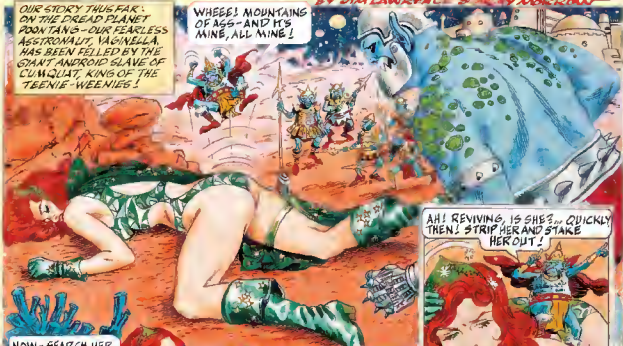
VAGINELLA

DREAD GIRL OF THE STARNWAYS

BY DIM LAWRENCE & JIMMY MORROW

OUR STORY THUS FAR:
ON THE DREAD PLANET
POONTANG—OUR FEARLESS
ASTRONAUT, VAGINELLA,
HAS BEEN FELLED BY THE
GIANT ANDROID SLAVE OF
CUMQUAT, KING OF THE
TEENIE-WEENIES!

WHEEE! MOUNTAINS
OF ASS—AND IT'S
MINE, ALL MINE!



NOW—SEARCH HER
THOROUGHLY, MEN!

AH! REVIVING, IS SHE? ^{OR} QUICKLY
THEN! STRIP HER AND STAKE
HER OUT!



PRESENTLY—

THE
LEAST YOU
GUYS COULD
DO IS TAKE
OFF THOSE
HORNED
HELMETS
!

WE'VE FOUND
SOMETHING, SIRE!

BY THE MOONS OF ISHTAR!
IT'S CAPTAIN METEOR'S
MAGIC FINGER RING! SO
THAT'S WHERE HE LOST IT!





KIRAT



GIVE 'EM AN INCH... JAY LYNCH

NEIGHBOR HARRY IS ALWAYS TRYING TO INTEREST MILTON AND MARGE IN SPOUSE SWAPPING!



BUT JUST LET MILT TRY TO BORROW HARRY'S NEW
LAWN MOWER, AND...





annie & albert

by J. Michael

ANNIE - DR DAN STALE IS GIVING A HUMAN-POTENTIAL SEMINAR ON SUNDAY AND YOU SIMPLY **MUST** COME WITH ME...

I KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO READ HIS **BOOK** BEFORE YOU MEET HIM, SO I BROUGHT YOU MY COPY...

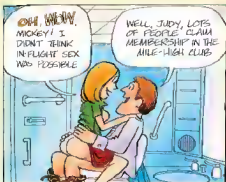
"I'M OK - YOU SUCK"

REALLY, IT'S A LIBERATING EXPERIENCE



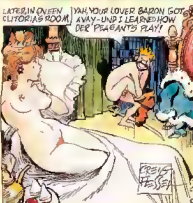
Our Secret Fantasies

by Mort Gerberg



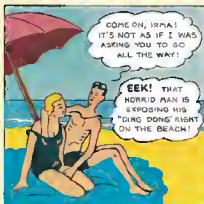
The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

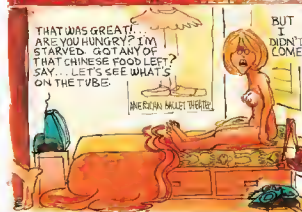
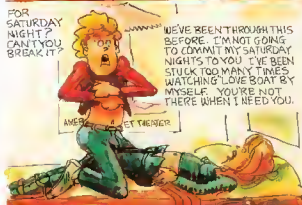
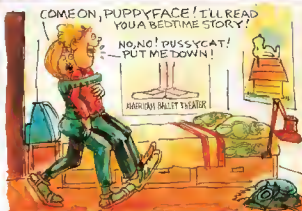
By Craig Flessel



THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"

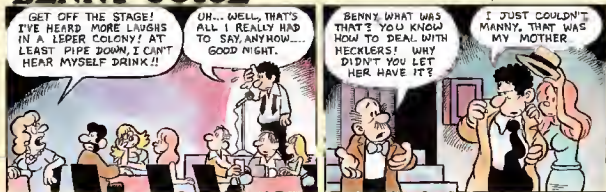
BY LOU BROOK





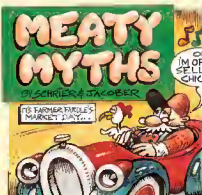
BENNY JUICE

— Christopher Browne



THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH

SCHWIMMER AND JONES

by Randy Jones...
Eugene Allen Schwimmer

THIS MONTH:
STRANGE BEDFELLOWS



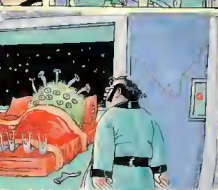
TODAY WE FIND OUR
HEROES ON THE
PLANET MURGO,
WHERE, AFTER A
"NIGHT ON THE TOWN,"
SCHWIMMER AWAKENS
NEXT TO... TO...
WELL, SEE FOR
YOURSELF...

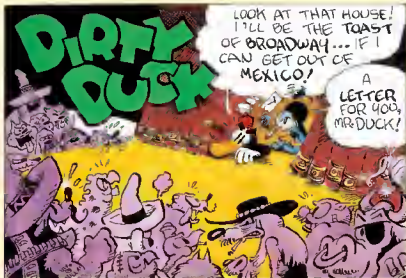
OOOH! MY HEAD IS
KILLING ME! JONES AND
HIS STUPID DRINKING
CONTESTS....

HOLY COW!

A SARUVIAN
HAIR-AND-SLIME
BEING! BUT WHAT'S
IT DOING IN MY BED?

WAITAMWHIT!
I DIDN'T....





DIRTY DUCK

LOOK AT THAT HOUSE!
I'LL BE THE TOAST
OF BROADWAY... IF I
CAN GET OUT OF
MEXICO!

A
LETTER
FOR YOU,
MR. DUCK!

YOU! OUR LEADING
LADY HAS ELOPED WITH
HER DONKEY! QUICK,
WEEVIL~ GET ME
THE NEAR-
EST B-
GIRL!!

YES-
SIR,
MR.
DUCK!



THE BIG DUMMY!
AS SOON AS THEY HIT
HOLLYWOOD, SHE'LL
SELL HIM TO A
GLUE FACTORY!

HERE'S YOUR B-
GIRL, MR. DUCK...
A-HEH!



Ooooh!
MUCHO
BUENO!

OKAY, BABY.
LET'S GO...
WE'RE GONNA
MAKE YOU A
STAR!

OH,
MR.
DUCK!...



...I FORGOT
WHAT TO DO,
MR. DUCK!

!!!
IMPROVISE!
FOLLOW
YOUR
NOSE!



SWIFF, SNIFF... OH,
YES... NOW I RE-
MEMBER!... NGH...
AAAH, HERE WE
ARE!... UNH!... UNH!

MM-M
GIDDAP!

HEY!



THAT'S
MY
PART!

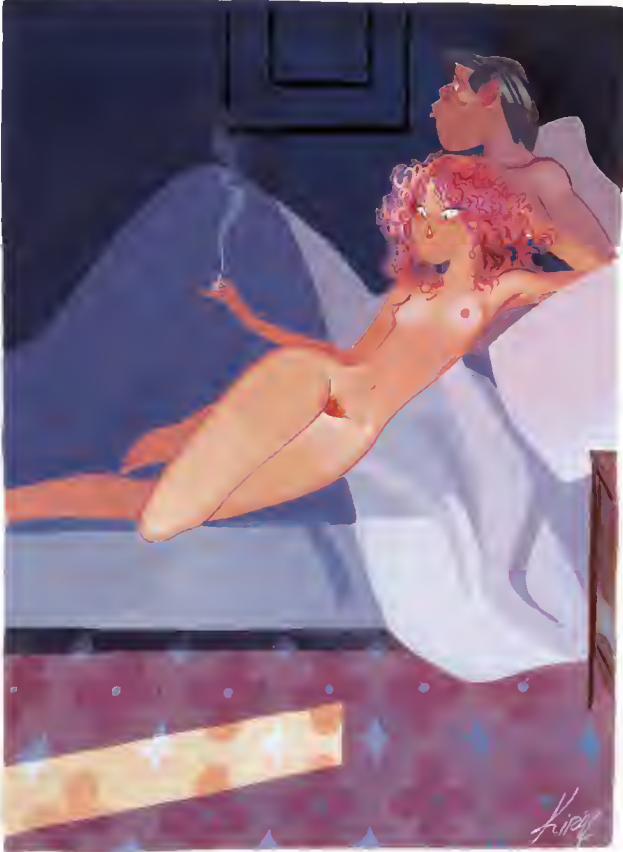


LET THIS BE A LESSON TO
YOU, WEEVIL... NEVER
LOSE YOUR ASS IN
TIJUANA!





BUCK BROWN









SMILBY



Graham
Wilson





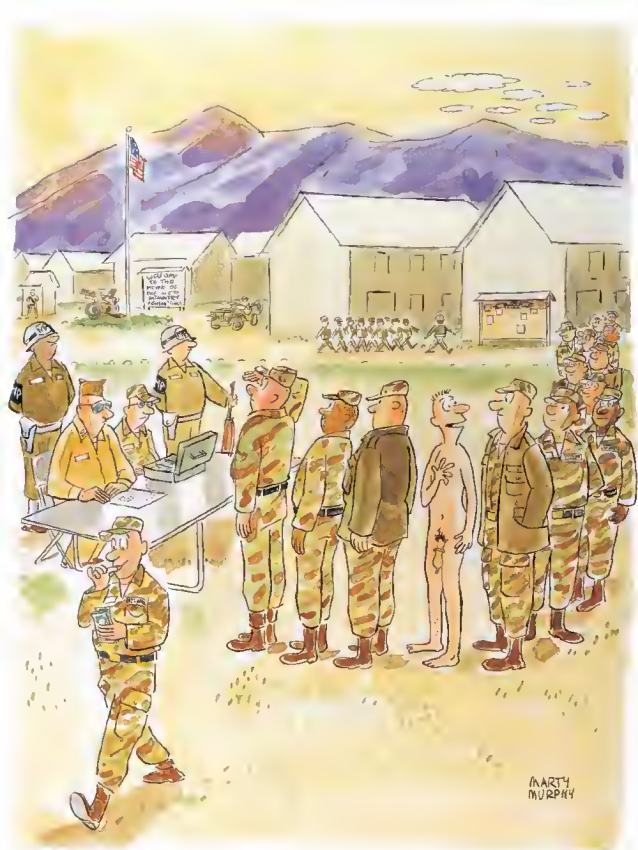
The Army Game

LARRY? LARRY KING? DON'T TELL ME I FINALLY GOT THROUGH! HEY, LARRY, I'M A SERVICE MAN, AND ON YOUR SUBJECT, "GAYS IN THE MILITARY," I WANNA RELATE A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE. LAST NIGHT I PICK UP THIS GIRL 'IN A BAR, TALL, THE WAY I LIKE 'EM. SLIM-HIPPED, THE WAY I LIKE 'EM. WIDE-SHOULDERED THE WAY I LIKE 'EM. WE DOWN SOME BEERS, GO TO A MOTEL. I UNDRESS. SHE UNDRESSES. "SURPRISE!" SHE SAYS. SHE'S GOT BALLS! "DO YOU MIND?" SHE/HE SAYS. LARRY, I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED TO ADMIT, I DON'T. I ACTUALLY FIND HIM/HER ATTRACTIVE! AFTER IT'S OVER I'M FEELING GREAT—WEIRD, BUT GREAT. HE/SHE GOES TO THE JOHN, COMES OUT TEN MINUTES LATER. IN UNIFORM! HE'S A CORPORAL, LARRY, IN MY OWN PLATOON! USING THE SAME TOILETS! THE SAME SHOWERS! SLEEPING ON THE SAME SHEETS.... THE THOUGHT OF IT MADE ME WANNA' PUKE! I BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM. SO WHAT I MEAN LAR, IS GAYS IN THE MILITARY JUST CAN'T WORK. THOUGH IT WOULDN'T BOTHER ME BEING QUARTERED WITH LESBIANS.

I'D SHOW 'EM
WHAT A MAN
CAN DO!



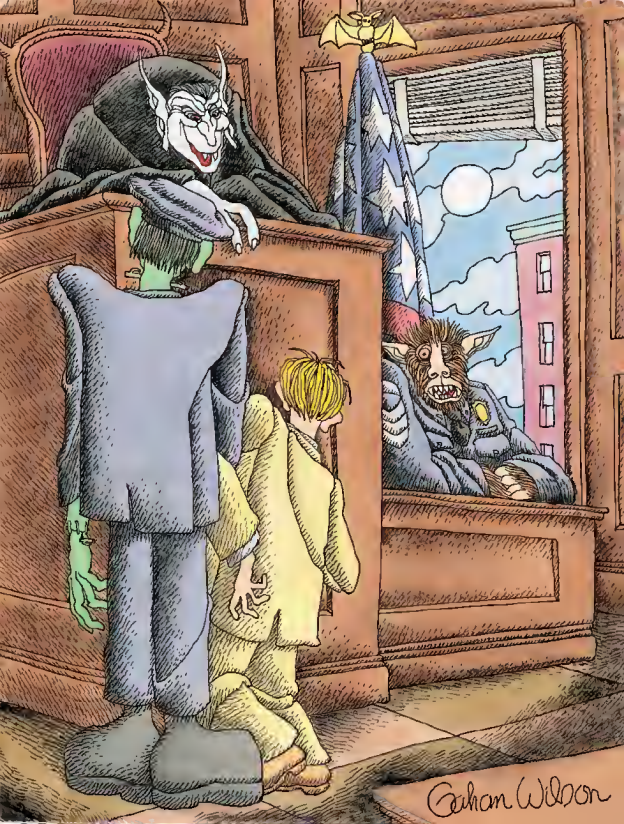
Jim Foweraker



MARTY
MURPHY



















Rowland
Wilson



Buck Brown

astoria
STUDIOS

J. P. Gibson















BOLDLY GOING WHERE NO GIFT HAS GONE BEFORE!

THE MACH 10

THE 1ST BLADE:
PLAYS SOOTHING MUSIC TO
LULL THE WHISKER INTO A
FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY.

THE 2ND BLADE:
CREATES A DIVERSION TO
DISTRACT THE WHISKER.

THE 3RD & 4TH BLADES:
SNEAK UP FROM BEHIND THE
WHISKER AND RESTRAIN IT.

THE 5TH BLADE:
READS THE WHISKER ITS
RIGHTS.

THE 6TH BLADE:
ADMINISTERS THE ANESTHETIC.

THE 7TH BLADE:
CUTS THE WHISKER.

THE 8TH BLADE:
NOTICES IT'S NEXT OF KIN.

THE 9TH BLADE:
TREATS THE WHISKER
FOR SHOCK.

THE 10TH BLADE:
COUNSELS THE WHISKER
AND GIVES IT A HUG.

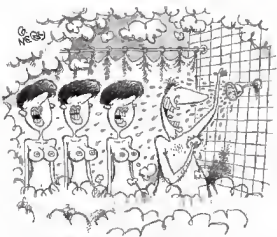


Let's LIVE



© 1984
J. Williams





FOR PHIL, SINGING IN THE SHOWER TOOK ON A WHOLE NEW LEVEL OF ENJOYMENT ONCE HE HIRED THE BACK-UP SINGERS.



MISS HOOVER,
PHONE MY DOCTOR
AND TELL HIM THE
PAIN IN MY FINGER
IS GETTING
WORSE.

THE INTERCOM
IS OVER HERE.
THAT'S THE
PENCIL
SHARPENER.







Langman



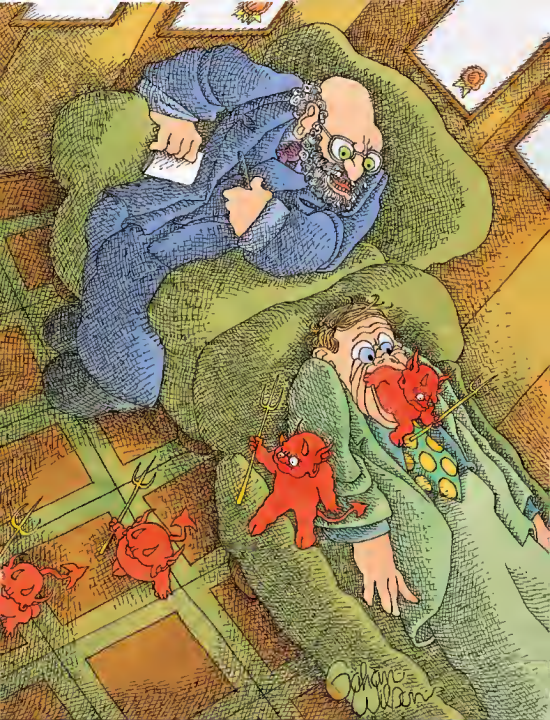




buck brown



Rowland B. Wilson















Raymond

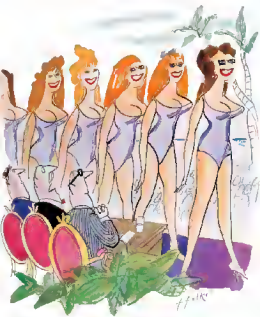




Kien





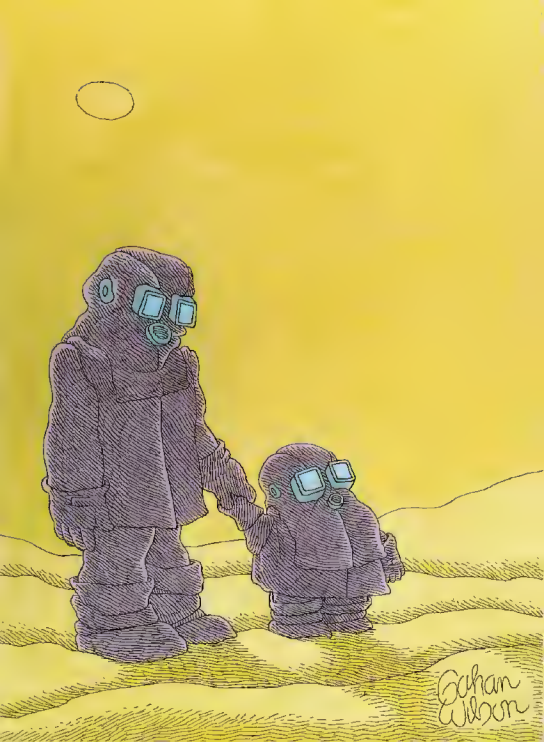








Killian
A



Graham Wilson

Hef

by JULES FEITLER

FOR 36 YEARS
I'VE DRAWN
CARTOONS
FOR
"PLAYBOY"

AND FOR MOST
OF THAT TIME,
I'VE ENVIED
HEFNER.



NOT FOR HIS MAGAZINE.

NOT FOR HIS WEALTH.

NOT FOR HIS MANSIONS
AND CARS AND
ELECTRONIC GADGETS
AND GAMES AND
POOLS AND
JACUZZIS
AND TENNIS
COURTS —

NOT
FOR
HIS
WOMEN.

NOT FOR
HIS
BRILLIANCE.



I
ENVY
HEF
FOR
HIS
PAJAMAS!

WHAT I
WOULDN'T
GIVE TO
WORK
ALL DAY
IN MY
PAJAMAS!











DAY 1 AT GOLF SCHOOL











SHOES

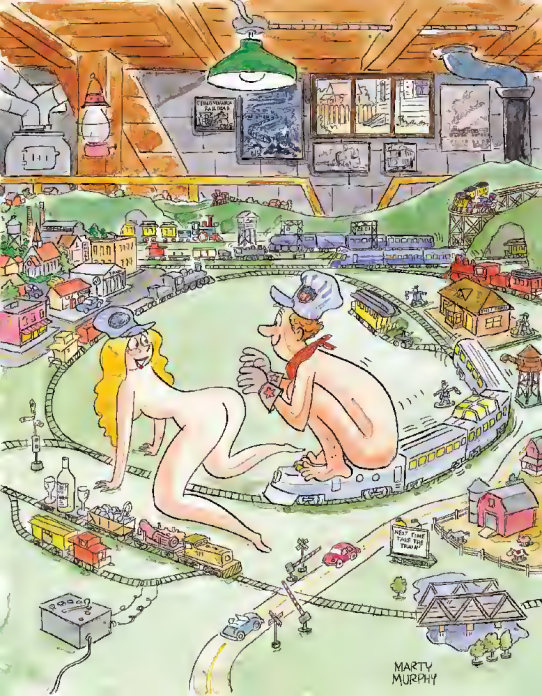
Doni



PERSONNEL
MANAGER



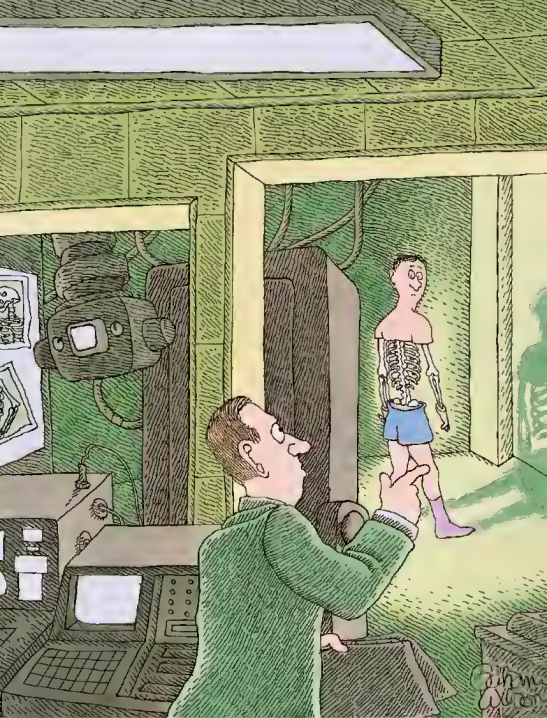




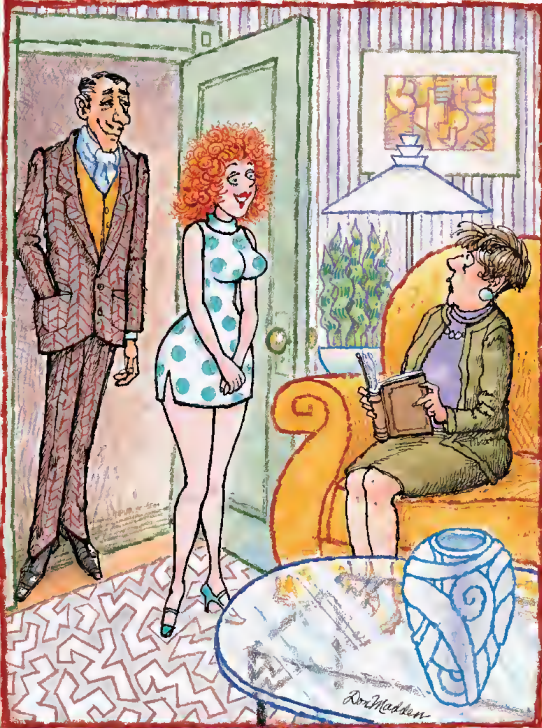
MARTY MURPHY











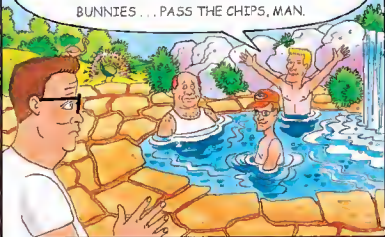


BURR BROWN

KING OF THE HILL



YEAH MAN, TELLYOUWHUT. DANG OL' HEF ... HOT 'N' COLD RUNNIN' BUNNIES ... PASS THE CHIPS, MAN.



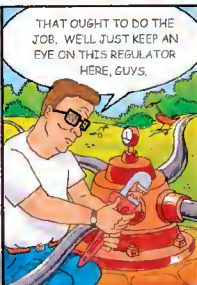
HERE'S YOUR PROBLEM. YOUR LINE'S TOO SMALL. I COULD RUN A NEW MAIN TO HANDLE THE GRILL, THE GROTTO JACUZZI, PATIO ...

THAT'S NICE, HANK.

JUST GET EVERYTHING READY. I GOTTA PICK OUT SOME PAJAMAS FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT.



THAT OUGHT TO DO THE JOB. WE'LL JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THIS REGULATOR HERE, GUYS.



GUYS?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HEF'S KOI POND? THOSE FISH ARE PETS!

WOO-EE, MAN! DANG OL' CARP JUMPIN' IN MY LAP ... NO LIMIT, MAN ...



THE PARTY THAT NIGHT

HI, HANDSOME. WANT TO DANCE?

WHAT? ME? OH, NO, I COULDN'T I'M MARRIED. TO MY WIFE. ANYWAY, I HAVE TO CONTROL THE PROPANE.

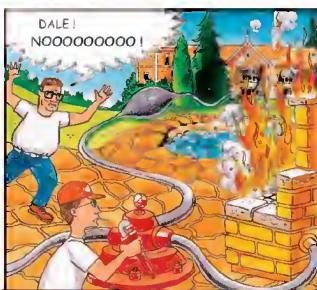
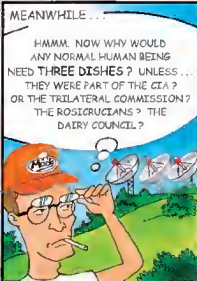


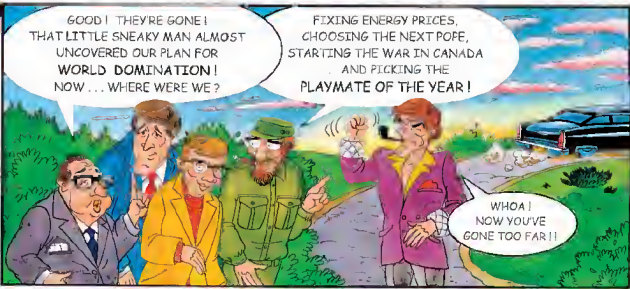
WHO'S THE HUNK?

SOME ENERGY TYCOON. HE CONTROLS ALL THE PROPANE.

DOOOOH! HE MUST BE WORTH BILLIONS!

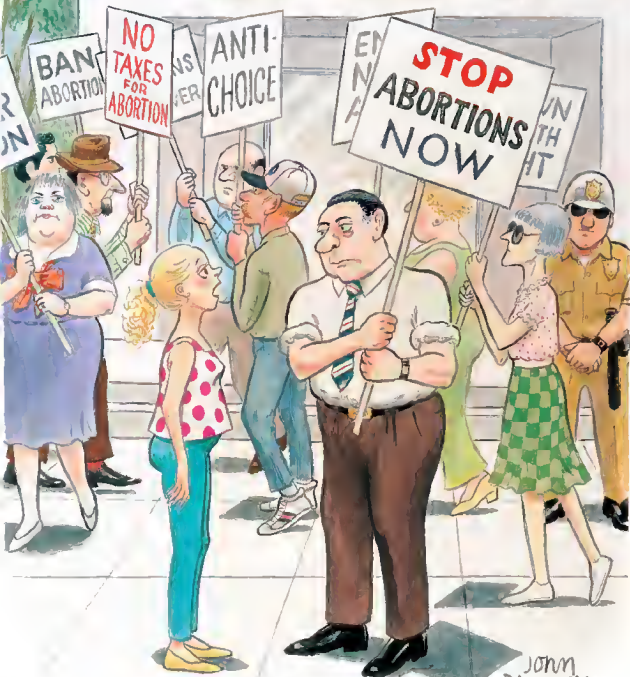








FAMILY PLANNING CLINIC



John
Dempsey

MINOR CRIMES OF THE CENTURY



MARTY MURPHY



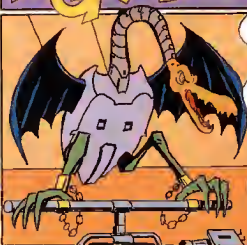


Dedini

THE AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO

TAKING ON EVIL COME WHAT MAY!
 FIGHTING ALL CRIME TO SAVE THE DAY!
 EXTREMELY CLOSE IN AN AMBIGUOUS WAY!

TROUBLE
CAME 3 TIMES



THEN IT IS SET.
WE SHALL RELEASE THE
CREATURE AT THE **NBA**
CHAMPIONSHIP AND ADDRESS
THE WORLD WITH OUR
ORDERS!!

THE
EARTH
IS
OURS!

YES, BIGHEAD, WE MUST ONLY
DISTRACT THOSE INSUFFERABLE
DO GOODERS, ACE AND GARY!

NOT TO WORRY,
DR. BRAINIO, TONIGHT
BEFORE THE GAME
WE SHALL DISGRACE
THEM WITH A STING
OPERATION!

BEG
PARDON

ORBOTROX
HAS IDENTIFIED
THEIR DUBIOUS
HANGOUT!

FEENEN
FEEN=VEL
NEEN
00411/*

* TRANSLATION:
THERE'S A BAR
CALLED THE
OILY FAUCET
NEAR
METROVILLE
ARENA.

OH, AGAIN
WITH THE
GAY
THING?
YOU KNOW
THEY MIGHT
JUST BE
SUPERPALS!

OH
-EEZE!

ACE! GARY! WE
THINK THERE MAY
BE FOUL PLAY
AT THE GAME
TONIGHT!

WE'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT, COMMISSIONER.

OH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING RIGHT NOW? THE CHIEF ASKED.

GARY AND I
ARE IN THE
MIDDLE OF A
HOT WORKOUT

YOU
KNOW
WHAT
THAT
MEANS

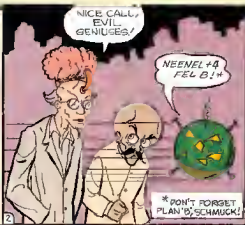
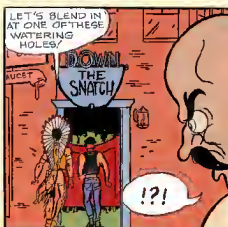
WE'RE DOING
SOME SQUAT
THRUSTS!

UGGGHHH

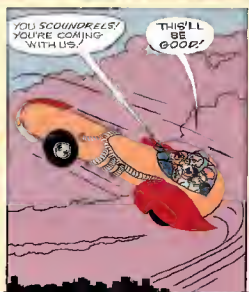
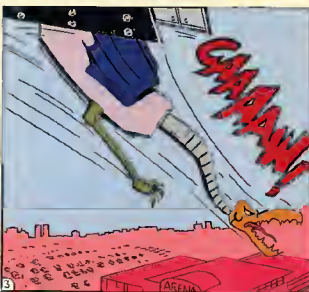
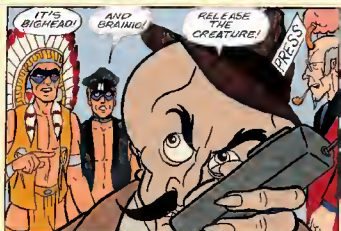
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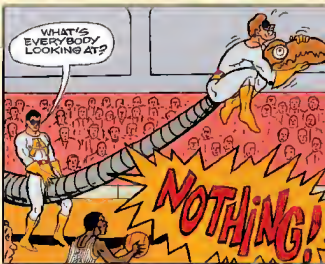
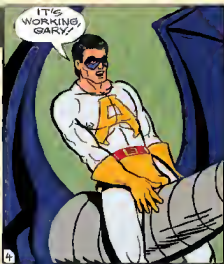
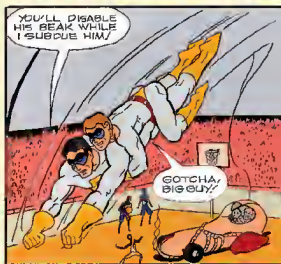
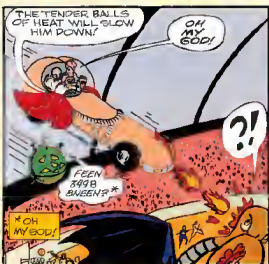
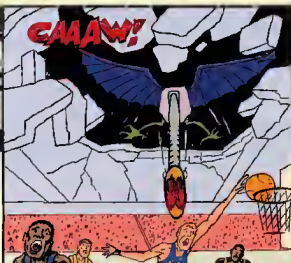
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THE AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO



THE AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO



















MEET
ARLO BROWN
AUTHOR
OF THE
BEST SELLING
THE
DOOMSDAY
DISEASE

READ THE
CHILLING EXPOSÉ

THE
DOOMSDAY
DISEASE

THE
DOOMSDAY
DISEASE

THE
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Graham
Milson

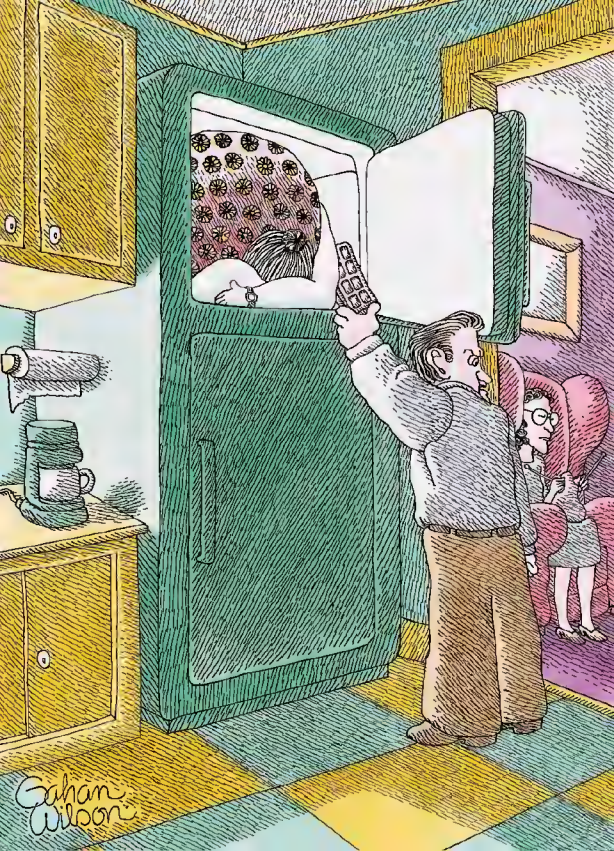










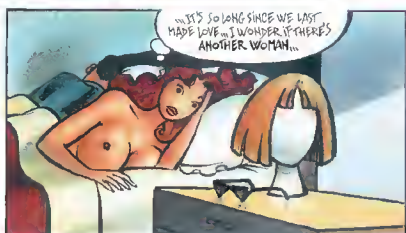
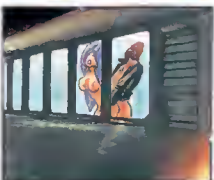
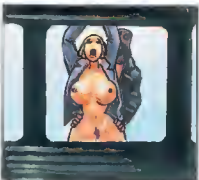
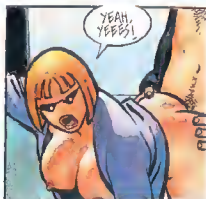
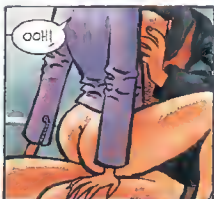
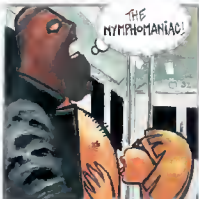
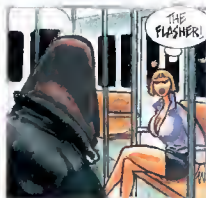


Graham
Wilson



Devin

Subway





John
Dempsey



John DeMott





Zdzisław



Crisson









Mike Winick S.





D. E. Smith





A. M. C.
Crikson













SOKOL





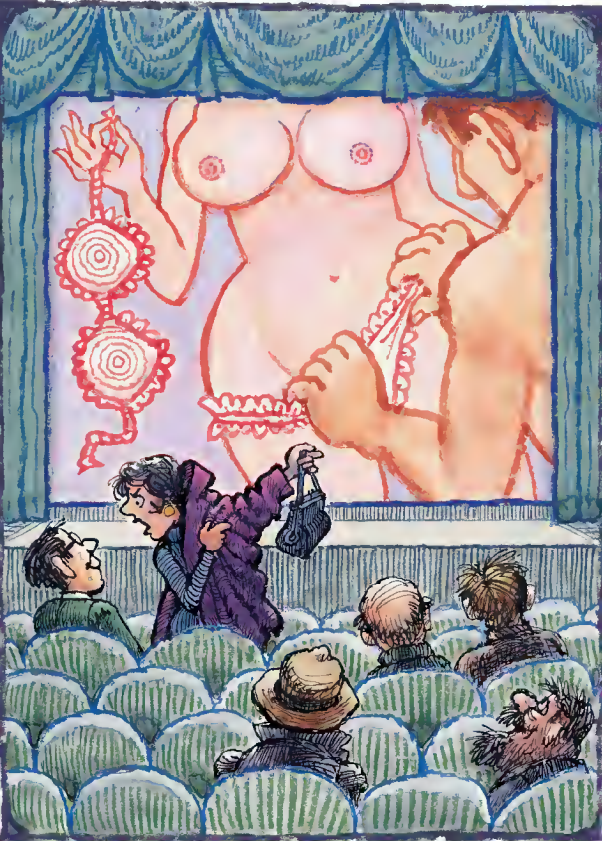
Kier

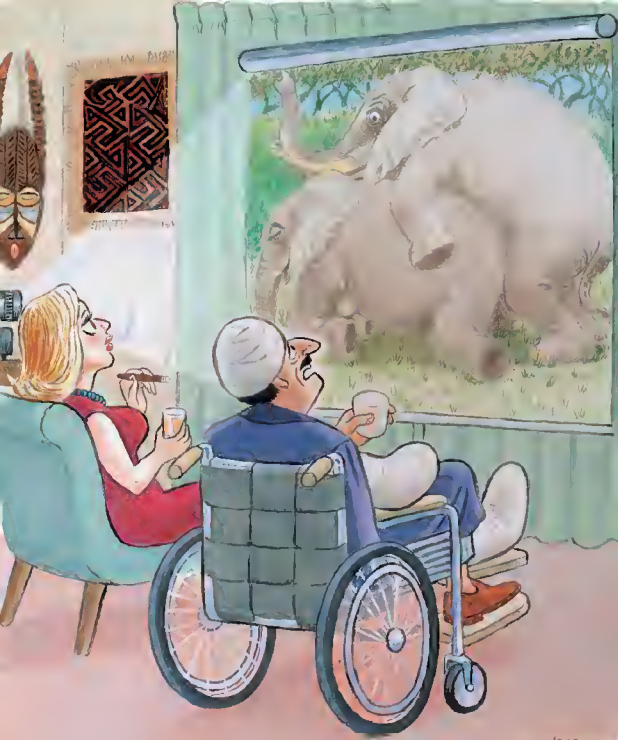






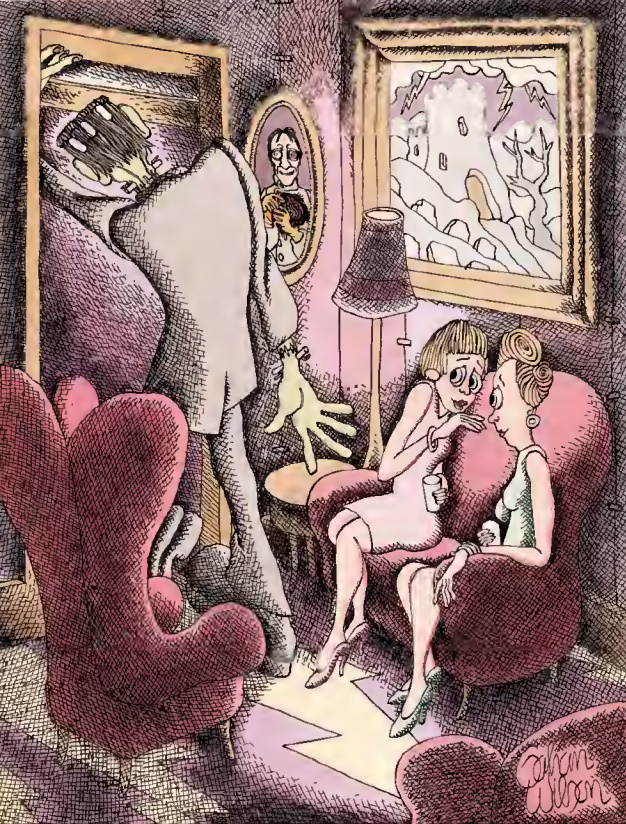
Rowland
Wilson

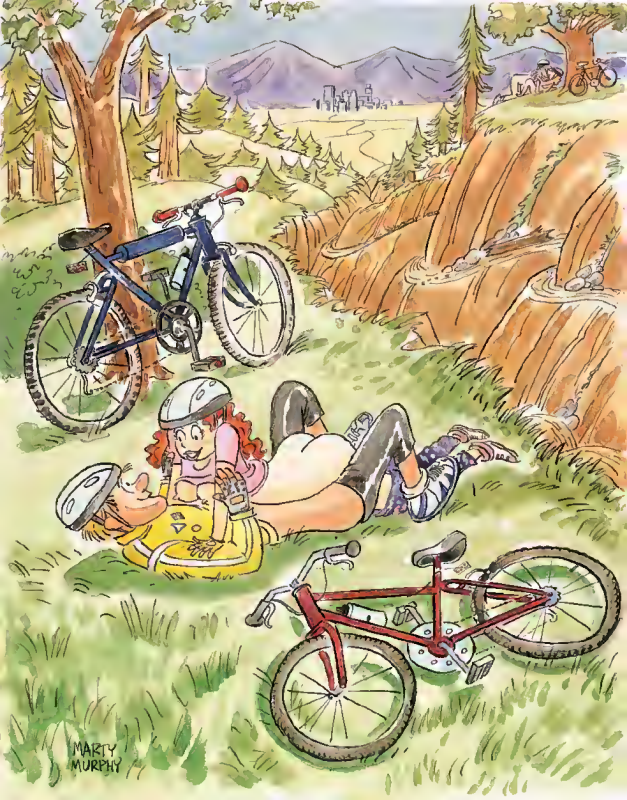




Graham Wilson







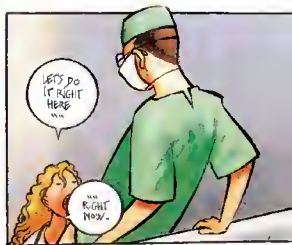
MARTY
MURPHY



Picture by Owen



Emergency Room











KiraZ

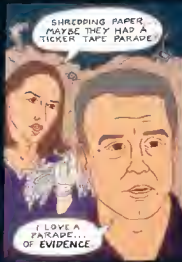
CS

CRIME SCENE ENRON

J.J. Sedelmaier
STORY

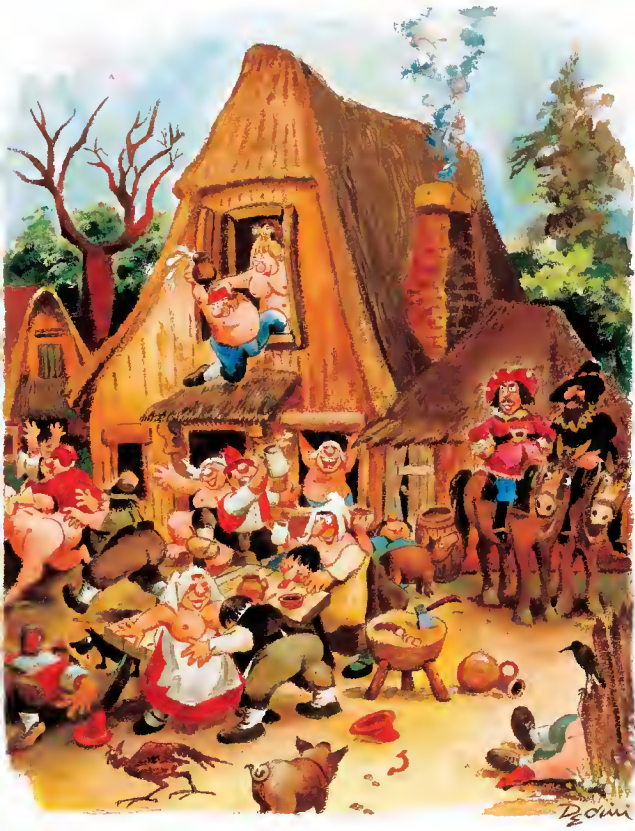
ART BY
ROB BODISZEWICZ
ANDREA GONZALEZ
DAVE LOVELAGH
SEAN LATTREL

WRITTEN & CONCEIVED
BY
DANIEL RADOSH















WELCOME TO THE
FAMOUS ARTIST'S
MODELING AGENCY

Please Be Seated

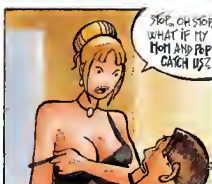
OFFICE

HB Lisa



Interlandi

Thanksgiving Day













DUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE, NO 1





© 2000 by William



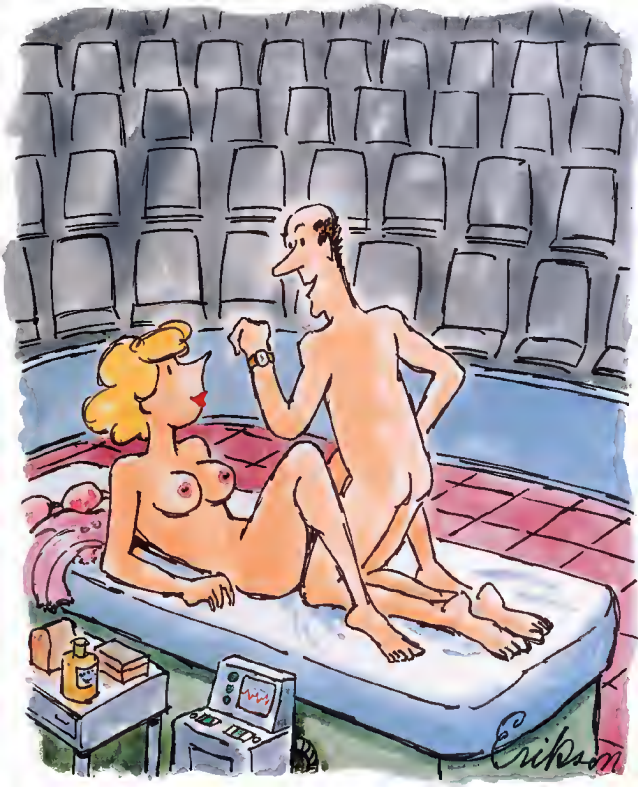
















KIRAL



D. d'Amico













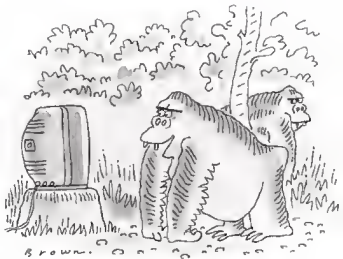


MINE'S THE ONE
THAT LOOKS JUST
LIKE YOU

P. LEVEY



AFTER 9/11, THE COUNTRY GETS BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN

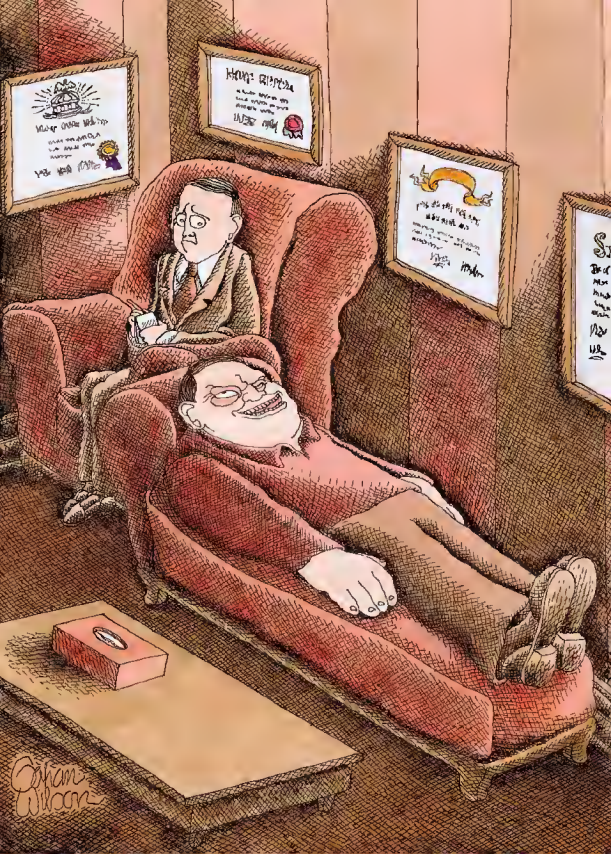


I'M STARTING
A BOTTLED WATER COMPANY
FOR DOGS.



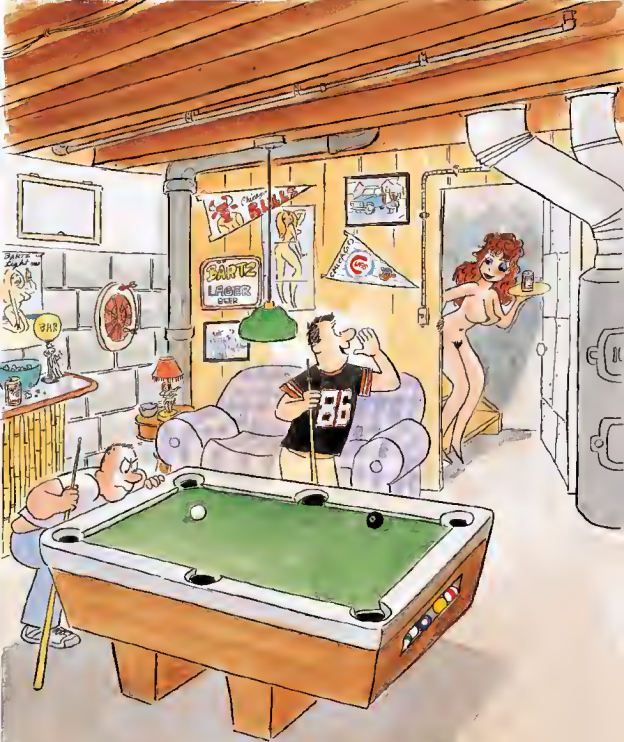


L'1207









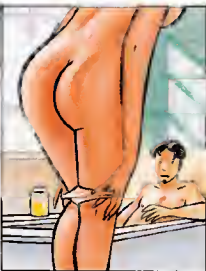
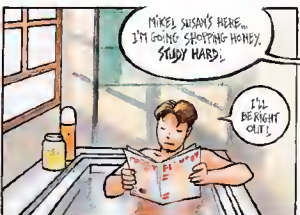




Duck Brown



Virtual Sex?











Interlandi





Graham Wilson



